



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

comes upon us. It is then we begin to feel the balmy air as it dissipates away the last vestiges of hoary winter, as we feel the full expansion of our muscles, the sweeping currents of our feelings, and the no less elevating effects of our liberated thoughts. It is well enough to cast your lines for long hours into the deep rivers, and rob them of their inhabitants, it is well enough to penetrate through thorns and thickets, and take a murderous aim at some innocent little prima donna of the woods—it is well enough to roll along in big carriages, or compete with time itself in speed on the back of some well-trained quadruped;—but for these amusements or pastimes we have no ambition, no taste, not even that bastard taste which fashion engenders in its rancorous growth, and sends forth like an epidemic. We prefer to associate with nature as with our own species, to hold intelligent communion with it, to study the workings of its laws, to note its variations, its regularity, its changes, its permanencies, its motions from within, as they are modified by the agencies from without, and to guess, surmise, or contemplate that great order of things, as it flashes on our senses, and but too often puzzles our intellects, but never failing to charm our hearts. The watering-place, however, is but too generally a mere narrow projection of the jealousies, the prejudices, and narrow distinctions peculiar to our civic conditions. The winter is spent by men in the city in the acquisition of money, and that, too, by means of a very questionable nature; their brains and their hearts are squeezed out of their sockets in the desperate operation; and yet, their families spend it like maniacs at watering-places. They go there the mere tawdry and decorated creatures of milliners and dressmakers; they go there to display, in gilded forms, their ignorance, vulgarity, and insipid pretensions; they go there to insult, to despise, to belittle their financial inferiors; they go there to belie their precepts as Christians, their charity as members of a civilized community, and to ridicule the pulpit and the preacher under which, and before whom they have passed their winter. Like fancy and red-ribboned cattle, they always find worshippers, they always find gazers, to keep their senses from turning in upon their own emptiness; they always find some admirers of the painted rags which conceal their rickety and emaciated forms, and which furnish a painful contrast between that which money has given them, and God has denied them. Nature has no idea of doing away with capital punishment; she has no idea of compromises; she austere enforces her iron and crushing penalties, and will have her laws obeyed by the rich as well as the poor. Silks, diamonds, and jewels, horses, carriages, livery, waiters and footmen may intoxicate and coquette with the barbarous eye of our race, may provoke its idolatry, may abuse its holy destination, but they can in no way atone for, or mitigate the infraction of a natural law. Go to these watering-places, reader, and see the mothers, the daughters, the sons, and the children that fly there on the wings of money. Alas, how your pity is excited, how you weep for coming generations, if they are to take root from these pitiful representations of our race. What food for doctors and dentists; what objects for nurses, and what

models for artists in search of the form divine; what a prospect for the future husbands of our republic, and for the energetic and dutiful management of our homes, for the care and education of our children, and the cheerfulness, urbanity, and pleasantness of our social circles.

Import Monsieur Lubin's extracts, import drugs, adulterated and otherwise; import quacks, if there is any danger of those around us dying out; and import those strong, muscular, healthy, though coarse Irish girls, if we should continue to beget and grow skeletons, instead of men and women; if we should continue to use money to rob us of health and happiness, instead of bringing us health, peace and comfort. We live as if the deluge is to come when we depart—we live as indifferent as to the blessings which we inherit from past generations, as we are wickedly indifferent and reckless to the obligations we owe to the future. Our men labor like mill-horses; they pull in the harness as if they were sold into irredeemable slavery, until overtaxed, overworked, overirritated, they die untimely, ingloriously of apoplexy, consumption, co-gestion, or of other maladies, all brought on by persecuting and riding to death their poor constitutions. And for what? to furnish money to spend in dissipation; to ruin the health of their wives and offspring, to support wicked and extravagant rag palaces, and to bring down the curses of their successors upon their neglected and dishonored graves. Does the father, does the mother never think, as their children whirl around, at watering-places, in the polka, the waltz, &c., as they spin away the unformed thread of their lives in converting night into day, pleasure into pain, as their nervous systems, become-torn and shattered, and as they become peevish and pettish, as the skins of their pale faces become like dried parchment, and mock the fresh current of health that should underlie it—do they never think, we say, what curses they are gathering up for other generations, what misery they are generating, what coals of fire they are heaping on the innocent heads of those to come after them? Strange fatality, that the innocent should suffer for the malpractices of the wicked; that the future should pay the debts of the past! Watering-places were not formed for dissipation; they were not formed to reflect, as in a mirror, the shocking frailties and unaccountable moral obliquities of men and women—they were not formed to be crusted over with the vices that befit the rotten atmosphere of a court of old superannuated counts and countesses. No! They are the holy temples of nature, beautifully carved out of her own dowry and inexhaustible treasury, and set apart for humanity to worship in its fraternal aspirations, the good and the beautiful, as they present themselves in the brilliant panorama of the universe. Sweet enbowed spots are they, where innocence, beauty, youth, and old age may congregate together, where they may drop all distinctions, all worldly inequality, and all commune together over the rich carpet which nature has spread out before them; inhale the life-giving air as it floats over the landscape, freighted with the exquisite odors of modest, blooming flowers—where they can cultivate the regenerating charities of life, cultivate the artist's eye, and

the musician's ear, and the poet's imagination, and the lover's idealities.

We, too, were at the watering-places this past summer; we, too, may have committed the faults we condemn, and neglected the duties we have deliberated upon and adore; but we plead not guilty to having turned away from the festooned saloon of nature, and of having sought pleasure in the badly-ventilated and over-heated rooms of the fashionable tribes who flock together to show their painted plumage, and to measure the dollar and cent value of their apparel, as if they were shopkeepers.

The gay, healthy, innocent, and merry children were our associates and friends; with them we watched the floating beauty of the sky, the august rising of the moon, the brilliant festivals of the stars, the pilgrimage of the streams, and the lonely retreats of the birds. One human object alone was gathered up in our thoughts, one of those sweet seventeen feminines, whose retiring modesty served as a fitting vestiture for an innocent heart and a cultivated mind, locked up in a symmetrical and healthy body. To her, and to her alone, we consecrate the only doggerel of our summer's journeyings:

TO ———.

I.

Thou art now the age when thy summer's hours  
Are perfumed with life's sweetest flowers;—  
And tho' its stream may bear some thorns along,  
They poison not thy heart's sweet song.

II.

In tropic climes, thy dark, bright eye  
Would tune to sorrow the lover's sigh—  
And wake his feelings into smouldering fire,  
And give fresh impulse to his love-sad lyre.

III.

But 'mid the noise of trade and heartless strife,  
Love's twilight dwindles into moonless life;  
And purple hopes from feeling grow,  
To mock the heart, and increase its woe.

## Correspondence.

ITALY IN 1855-56.

Bologna, 14th June, 1856.

THE character of the criticisms passed by travellers, upon works of art, is generally worthless; but the extracts given in "Murray," in regard to the pictures in the Academy here, from Mr. John Bell's book on Italy—a work not without reputation—are more curiously and elaborately bad, as specimens of criticism, than are common. That they should be given in the only good handbook, in English, for Italy, to help travellers in forming a judgment in regard to the merits of the famous works in this collection, is a striking proof of how little accuracy and good-sense are in general required in such criticism, how readily people yield to pretension, and how easily they are deceived by sounding words and unmeaning phrases.

The first extract from Mr. Bell is upon a picture of the Madonna and Child, by Ludovico Caracci. He says that "it is an inimitable painting, in which the artist has displayed the richest stores of genius." And he amplifies this statement as follows: "St. Francis kissing the child's hand is painted

in a dark tone, not to interfere with the principal figures, and is yet finely made out, as are the angels and the other accompaniments of the picture; the coloring soft and sweetly tinted—the whole being, with wonderful art and keeping, entirely subordinate to the great object of the composition." This seems a little vague. St. Francis painted in a *dark* tone! Is it a *low* tone or *dark* colors that is meant? And yet his figure finely made out! Pray, why should not a figure that stands prominent in a picture be finely made out? "The coloring soft and sweetly tinted—the whole being, with wonderful art and keeping, entirely subordinate to the great object of the composition!" What does this mean—this sweetly-tinted coloring, being subordinate to the object of the composition?

But this is not equal to what follows. In his remarks upon one of Tiarini's pictures, Mr. Bell says: "The figures are considerably smaller than life, which might be supposed to hurt the general effect; but the composition is so perfect as to leave no feeling in the mind but that of admiration." Now, it happens that the figures in this picture are *not* smaller than life: but, if they were so, what an amusing and ignorant absurdity it is to suggest that figures below life-size might hurt "the general effect!" Is it needful, to produce what Mr. Bell would call a good general effect, that all figures in all pictures should be life-size or gigantic? Raphael's "St. Cecilia," hanging just opposite, might have taught the hasty observer and the most thoughtless critic better. Is the picture of the Vision of Ezekiel less sublime because it is on a foot square of canvass?

In speaking of Domenichino's "Martyrdom of St. Agnes," Mr. Bell says: "The serene and beautiful countenance of the Saint is irradiated by an expression of rapt holiness and heavenly resignation infinitely touching." Such, undoubtedly, it would have been well that the expression of the Saint should be—but such it is not: for its coarse materialism, disgusting exaggeration, and the utter want of elevation or truth of expression, this picture is one of the worst even of the Bolognese school. But Mr. Bell goes on to say: "The episode of the two women forming the foreground of one corner of the picture, who are represented as hiding the face and stilling the screams of a terrified child, affords a scene of fine action, admirably delineated." No such scene as this exists in the picture. In the right foreground is a woman with a frightened child, but she is inattentive to its screams, and doing nothing to hide its face. Behind this group, and quite separate from it, are two other women occupied with their own terrors. Such carelessness of criticism is inexcusable; but, fortunately, such errors as this may be set right by the most inattentive eyes.

After what is intended for a piece of very eloquent and magnificent writing, in the account of Guido's "Massacre of the Innocents," in which "the outcry of one mother," "the pale, dishevelled aspect of another," "the despair and agony of a third," and "the murdered babes lying on the bloodstained marble, huddled together," are fully described, Mr. Bell concludes with the startling assertion that these figures "*present an historical picture, perhaps the most domestic and touching that ever was paint-*

*ed.*" Do mothers in anguish, and murdered babes, form a characteristically domestic scene? Such writing as this is absolutely intolerable. Had it been intended as a travesty upon the usual style of criticism, it would have been considered dull extravagance; but now it passes for serious earnest, and is quoted as worth reading.

It is not worth while to go on. These passages are fair samples of the remainder; and it is unsatisfactory work to expose such presumptuous imbecility.

There is great want of a good artistic guide-book for Italy. Kugler's work on Italian Art is the only one that approaches to what is needed; but Kugler is thoroughly German in his dullness, and in many of his notions about art. Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," and Mrs. Jameson's "Legendary Art," both in many respects excellent, are too limited in their scope to serve as guide-books, besides being too cumbrous and expensive for the majority of travellers. In American literature there is nothing that deserves notice as a help to the lover of art in Italy,—and, of all travellers, Americans need such help the most. We come abroad utterly ignorant of art, and, with natural and national self-confidence, at once constitute ourselves into judges and critics of paintings and of statues. The audacity of our ignorance halts at nothing; and a five-minutes' visit to the Sistine Chapel qualifies us to decide on the powers of Michael Angelo. The majority of American travellers have yet to learn that some previous knowledge is to be acquired before one can be a judge even of the externals of art; that it is not the eye alone that needs cultivation, but the heart and the intellect as well, by those who would understand and enjoy the works of the great masters. You may judge correctly the excellence of a poem in a language which you do not know, as easily as you can judge correctly the merits of a picture while you are ignorant of those principles that are, as it were, the alphabet of art. If you are unwilling to accept the authority of others, it is well to remember that the only independence of judgment that deserves the name, is that which rests upon a base of humility, and of desire for learning how to judge correctly. It is somewhat damaging to our national vanity to find that the worst pictures are purchased by Americans, or for the American market. Many an American who comes to Rome and Florence, thinks it will not do for him to go home without taking a picture from Italy, as a proof of his taste and a record of his travels. He puts himself into the hands of a "*commissionaire*," who takes him to shops where he is sure to be flattered and cheated. He buys a black, patched-up landscape, "a real *Salvator*," bright with varnish, and in a carved frame; or he purchases one of the watery copies of some picture that suits common-taste, because painted on the level of commonplace, uneducated feeling. His *commissionaire* makes the bargain, and receives a good proportion of the sum apparently paid for the picture. All other *commissionaires* are most dishonest rogues,—this one alone is trustworthy. Our fellow-countryman goes back to his hotel, and thinks he has made a good bargain, since he only paid \$20 for a head, while the poor American artist, whose studio he went to the day before, asks \$250 for the picture that he has just painted. Or perhaps our

friend has paid a large sum for his picture: he has got a genuine Murillo, or a real Titian—at least, so he has been persuaded by the dealer; and then he congratulates himself that no such pictures are painted in our days—not knowing that pictures a thousand times better hang, unbought, in the studio of his poor countryman.

It is no matter of surprise that our best artists find but little encouragement, and that art is considered among us generally as a matter of little importance, when one sees, by such evidence as is afforded by American travellers in Italy, the average level of American taste, and the depth of American ignorance.

FERRARA, 16th June, 1856.—The doctrines of Hell, and Purgatory, and of the power of the Popes to afford absolution, may be regarded as the corner-stone of the grand edifice of the Papacy. From the time that it was established as a truth of religion that there was a hell, and that men could be saved from the consequences of their sins—that is, could escape from hell by the intervention of the Popes—from that time wealth and temporal power were assured to the Church. St. Peter's was paid for by money raised by the sale of indulgences; and, while the material investment appeared in the marbles and gilding of the church, the moral investment appeared in the denunciations of Luther and the progress of the Reformation. The importance of these doctrines to the Church led to the subjection of all its other religious dogmas to them. The fall of man, the offended majesty of God, the atonement, the justice of the Almighty in contradistinction to his mercy, the power delegated to St. Peter, and, through him, to the Popes, have all been made subservient to the support of the belief in the eternity of punishment, and the opportunity afforded to escape from it. The fear of hell became greater than the love of heaven; but the desire for heaven was greater than the desire for goodness. The popular imagination was easily excited by the delineation of future torments; and art represented accurately the popular belief. As the dread of the vengeance of God increased, the worship of Mary, the "Mother of Mercy," increased. In pictures of the Last Judgment, Mary appears as if pleading with her indignant Son. The genius of Michael Angelo has given to these doctrines of fear their most vivid and awful representation. God is no longer the Father, but the unrelenting Judge of his children. Over the minds of the common people of Italy these doctrines still hold an unshaken supremacy. The love due to God is diverted to the Virgin; the wayside shrines are adorned with pictures of souls in the torment of flames, and with pictures of the Virgin as the intercessor for fallen man. Indulgences are as much sought as ever; crowds kneel before privileged altars; and the steps of the Scala Santa are worn by the knees of constant pilgrims.

Nor does the Church weary in her teaching. Money and power are as important to her now as ever, and, consequently, hell and its fires. Padre Passaglia is considered the best scholastic theologian in Rome. His lecture-room in the Collegio Romano is crowded five times a week by an audience of students in theology from all parts of Europe, and from America. His eloquence

and zeal are like those of the lecturers of old times; and his authority is quoted upon points of doctrine. He has lately published a tract "On the Eternity of the Punishments, and on the Fire of Hell," in which he exerts himself to prove the one and the reality of the other. It is a piece of cold, dry, unfeeling logic. His fifth theorem is, "The eternity of punishment is proved by those texts in which the damned are deprived of all hope of any future redemption or liberation."\* The demonstration of his eighth theorem, in regard to the Fires of Hell, is as follows: "The principal efficient cause of fire in the present life, is God the Author and Governor of nature; but of the fire of hell, God the Judge and Avenger of sin and sinners is the efficient cause.

"Present fire burns, and is supported by chemical operations; but the fire of hell is excited and preserved by the breath of the Lord.

"Present fire does not act upon the soul except by means of the body; but the fire of hell immediately afflicts and torments the soul.

"Present fire must finally be extinguished; but the fire of hell will last forever.

"The former shines; the latter produces outer darkness. The former, burning, dissolves and consumes; the latter tortures and burns, but yet does not destroy. The former may, by human art, be diminished and extinguished; the latter makes every effort vain, and has the power of God for its support."

Another curious and interesting tract, published last year, from which something of the present character of the teaching of the Roman Church upon these points may be gained, is called, "A Catechism concerning Protestantism and the Catholic Church."† It is to be remembered that this work appears at Milan—a city, as all the world knows, under Austrian rule;—and that the Emperor of Austria, last year, in the concordat made with the Pope, signed away, as far as such things can be signed away, religious and educational freedom in his dominions. The first lesson is on "The Name and Origin of Protestantism." The following is one of the statements: "The name of Protestant and of Protestantism is employed to signify the rebellion of all modern sects against the Catholic Church founded by Jesus Christ; or, which is the same thing, the rebellion of proud men against Jesus Christ, the founder of that Church." The third lesson is on "The Doctrines of Protestantism," and ends with the pupil's saying, "These doctrines strike me with horror,—are they not, in some sense, worse than those of the pagans?" To which the teacher replies: "You are right: neither pagans nor Turks have ever reached such impiety of doctrine." The fourth lesson is on "The Authors and First Promulgators of Protestantism," of which the following extract will serve as a specimen: "Luther was an apostate. After he had married a nun he had as his first disciples Carlstadt, Melancthon, Lange, and others of the same sort—all of a piece. Carlstadt was an apostate, and he also

took a wife. Melancthon was a hypocrite, a dissembler, cruel, a blasphemer, and devoted to judicial astrology. Lange was an ex-friar like Luther; and he, too, married. . . . Calvin died madly blaspheming, and invoking the devil." There is much more matter as remarkable as that already quoted, serving to illustrate the ideas prevalent among the supporters of the Catholic Church in regard to Protestantism, and the mode adopted to deter the young religious inquirer from adopting a form of belief so pernicious. A curious description is given of the signs by which the disseminators of Protestantism are to be recognized, in which it is stated that "you should know that, in England, within a short time, the desire has been frequently expressed of renewing the executions practised for about three centuries upon the poor Catholics." But it is Lesson XV. that is most important to our present purpose. This lesson is, "On the Certain Damnation of Apostate Catholics;" and the teacher asserts in its course, that "it is certain with the certainty of faith, that all Catholics, who become Protestants, are irretrievably damned for all eternity, except in case of sincere repentance before death, accompanied with the abjuration of their errors." This portion of the Catechism closes with the statement that "there is nothing in these pages which cannot be confirmed with irrefragable proofs and arguments."

Such is a specimen of the authorized teaching of the Church in 1856. Is it strange that superstition still prevails in Italy? Christianity is degraded into a creed of fear; and, to the lively imagination of the Italian, the horrors of hell are pictured with such force as to form the prevailing motive of his so-called religion.

"A woman went through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt—her feet bare, her hair dishevelled, with a torch in one hand, and a jar of water in the other. She said: 'I will burn heaven with this torch, and put out hell with this water, that man may love his God for Himself alone.'"

#### ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

##### LETTER XIX.

To the Editors of the Crayon:

LONDON, 20th September, 1856.

"THE cry is still, 'They come!'" at our National Gallery: that is to say, although the Gallery itself is shut for the brief annual recess, one hears that the Director, Sir Charles Eastlake, and the Travelling Agent, Herr Otto Mündler, are both in Italy, looking out for new acquisitions. An entire collection, rich in examples of the earlier schools, and therefore sure to be historically valuable, and pretty sure of artistic nobleness as well, is said to be under examination, with a view to purchase. The authorities are evidently bent upon obtaining something of a complete representation of schools, and have begun at the right end—the masters of old Italian art. One need scarcely care how much longer they dwell in those grand and pure precincts, and to how late a period they defer filling up the representation of the more modern schools, when eclecticism, mannerism, machinism, and everything that is self-vaunting and contemptible, adulterate the beauty and the

earnestness of Art. When that socket-end of the candle comes to be burned, the flame flickers and writhes, and goes out with a snuff anything but delectable. Better not burn it at all, one is minded to say, for the illumination of our national gallery; or, at any rate—for art should never be wantonly uncatholic,—burn it with such delicate precautions that its flame shall be as little dull and gross as its nature permits, and shall be fairly overpowered by the chaster light around it.

However, though the work in progress is a good work (with more or less of discretion in the manner of its execution), there is still a narrowness in its governing idea. Of old schools, we may at least, in the main, be now clinging to the right, and holding aloof from the wrong: but why limit ourselves so wholly to the art which lives only by its monuments, and refuses to know anything of that which actually lives among us? We English, smile, more in amusement than in soreness, at the absolute ignoring of English art among the French; but our neighbors, with the enormous development of their artistic energy and productiveness, may well retort the grin. We can find space for such a prurient trifter as Greuze or Lancret, or such a shallow tradesman as Joseph Verne, for they are dead; but there is no hint of the existence of such painters as Ingres, or Delacroix, or Scheffer, Jadin, Rosa Bonheur, Rousseau, or Troyon, for they are alive. Still more unnatural is the utter neglect of our own countrymen. We do, indeed, possess examples of such dead giants as Hogarth, Reynolds, and Turner, and, in the Vernon Gallery, a hotch-potch of strong and feeble living men; but we never *buy* them. Surely, an odd £500 or so might be bestowed every year upon some valuable achievement of a living Briton; surely, we should reward and encourage the effort of the quick, as well as crown the dead; and surely, until we do so, our Gallery may be national property, but national, in any other sense, in little else but the name. A vigorous, practical recognition of this truth might do more for art among us than the purchase of an "old master," or even an "early master."

Among the various interminable subjects of discussion and recrimination connected with the National Gallery, is an important work by Velasquez—the Boar Hunt. I recollect having alluded to the matter before. The question is, how far the picture is in its original state: how far what the canvas presents now is due to our still-life painter, Mr. Lance, who, beyond all doubt, wrought some considerable repairs in it. The last points in the evidence had favored the assumption that a good deal is due wholly and solely to Mr. Lance, done out of his own head, as well as by his own hand: now there is some more last evidences which tells the other way. Mr. Stirling, the biographer of Velasquez, has obtained from Madrid a tracing from a copy of the picture there, taken prior to its being damaged and repaired; and the portion on which Mr. Lance worked is found to tally, not identically, but in the main, with the corresponding portion in the copy. So the susceptible Britisher may console himself with the conviction that his Velasquez *is* a Velasquez, after all.

The Manchester project for an Exhibition of the art-treasures of the United Kingdom,

\* "—In Religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?"

† Per Giovanni Perrotti, Poliantea Catholica.  
Milan, 1855.

grows towards realization. Many owners of fine picture-galleries have come forward with offers of works to be contributed, and among them the Queen. The list of pictures which she proposes to send, numbers some forty—the school most largely represented in it, as in the royal collections themselves, being the Dutch. The preponderance of that unintellectual school is due in great measure to the taste of the oracle of his day, George IV. Fortunate or unfortunate in its composition, the list has doubtless been decided upon with deliberation, and with full regard to the exigencies of the gallery, so far as these can be at present ascertained—seeing that Prince Albert is himself the presiding spirit of the project in its actual shape, having imposed upon it that character of historic comprehensiveness which it is designed to bear. However little, therefore, one may care about a Gerard Dow, a Schalcken, a Vanderwerf, a Vandervelde, a Berghem, or a Wouwermans, on their own proper accounts, one is yet justified in assuming that these works may fill lacunæ in the collection which ought not, on historic grounds, to be left unoccupied. A Landscape, by Titian; Rubens's Portraits of his Second Wife and of Himself; Rembrandt's Entrance to the Sepulchre; Reynolds's Portrait of Himself; Wilkie's Blind Man's Buff; Vandyke's Portrait of Charles on Horseback; three pictures by Holbein, including an Edward VI.; and two by Quentin Matsys, are contributions for which, with others by the same masters, both the Manchester Committee and the English public will thank the Queen. Among others who have particularized some of the works which they are prepared to lend, is the Earl of Ellesmere, the owner of the renowned Bridgewater Gallery. It strikes me that the real "art-treasures" of that Gallery will scarcely be represented by this list; but the latter does not purport to be final, and, though one may have one's own opinion about a gift-horse, one must not look into his mouth. The Manchester building is getting on rapidly—so rapidly that there seems no doubt the contractors will fulfil their engagement of handing it over to the Committee complete by the beginning of next year. And another step taken towards practical business is the appointment of an Art Secretary in the person of Mr. George Scharf, junior, who has been engaged in the compilation and illustration of various works more or less archaeological.

Since I last wrote you, I have seen the Turners' "Harbors of England," with Ruskin's letter-press, of which I spoke in my last at second-hand. The plates are effectively engraved in mezzotint by Lupton; but I am inclined to demur to Ruskin's opinion, that these mezzotinted seas, which strike me as somewhat woolly and fluffy, are superior to any of Turner's water, in line-engraving. Turner's greatness, depth, and variety, tell out in the designs; although these, it is to be remembered, are not in any way picked specimens, but only the beginning of a series which the painter had contemplated producing under the title with which they now appear. Ruskin's criticisms on the designs individually are as frank and unreluctant in the pointing out of blemishes where they exist, as he is elsewhere enthusiastic in the assertion of beauties. The chief body of the letter-press is a prose

poem on the sea, and on boats and ships—such a prose poem as we need not expect from any living man but Ruskin,—with a review of the various treatment of naval architecture in pictorial art, from the middle ages up to Turner. There is not very much of it; but it is a fine, ringing, glowing example of Ruskin in thought and speech; the conclusion—surely a right one—being that ships, with all their wonderful beauty, are not a fit principal subject for art, because they are so complex that the man who can really master their anatomy can do the same for the human form, and because, as so conclusively propounded in the "Stones of Venice," art ought to be an expression of man's delight in God's work.

A laudable effort to popularize the religious designs of Albert Durer has been made in the issue of that master's woodcuts from the Life of Christ—reduced to thirty-two by the omission of three or four—at the strangely small price of a shilling. The prints are not mere copies, but, as it were, duplicate originals—casts having been taken from Durer's own blocks, now in the British Museum, and type-moulds from the casts. Worm-holes have had to be stopped up, and there is little enough of ordinary sightliness about the prints in their present state; but they earn the higher merit of genuineness. I fear, however, that Albert Durer's sacred subjects are not of a kind to be very cordially accepted by the English public. They have two drawbacks: a certain Catholic legendary air, on the one hand, and, on the other, the extreme literality—which might almost be misconstrued as hardness of feeling or want of reverence—with which the several scenes of the Redeemer's humiliation are brought before the eye. Indeed, I think, to any person, there is something painful and jarring in this; and, in order to condone it, one must feel more than every one will, the truth of the master's invention; and how much even what one is startled at depends upon his being penetrated with the very reality of what he endeavors to represent. Another publication noticeable on artistic grounds is "Janfry the Knight and the Fair Brunissende: a tale of the times of King Arthur. Translated from the French version of Marie Lafon, by Alfred Elveles. Illustrated with twenty engravings by Gustave Doré." The original is a Provençal metrical romance; the translation execrable; the illustrations are woodcuts by a French designer, from whose hand I have seen an effective battle-piece, and various cuts in the pictorial newspapers. The designs are amply chargeable with bad drawing, and with overdoing, which tends to vulgarize; but they are animated by a very uncommon—perhaps an unique—spirit of mediævalism. Mailed knights, frightful encounters, loathsome witches and wizards, soaring battlements, forests of banners, the black, oppressive terror of ancient woods, are worked up with immense life and gusto.

Though we English lag far behind our French neighbors in that race of sacrilege, spoliation, destruction, and forgery, which passes under the demure title of "restoration of ancient monuments," we have our own share of activity in it too. Being at Salisbury lately—the seat of, perhaps, the noblest of all our noble Gothic cathedrals—I found that the chief energy of the restora-

tion now proceeding in various portions, is being concentrated on the Chapter-house, which is in progress of re-carving, painting, gilding, patterning, and smartening, under the direction of Mr. Clutton the architect, quite on the root-and-branch system of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. I do not cite this Chapter-house as an instance of restoration ignorantly or badly carried out—for, as far as I saw, the works are under good artistic control—but of restoration on a determined scale. Well or ill executed, however, I believe it to be wrongly planned. I am very strongly of opinion that, when once a thing has been finely done, all one has to do further for it, is to let it live out its appointed date, with careful heed that no necessary precautions are neglected for preserving it in its original condition. If material, prop, or stay—carpenters' or masons' work—be required to keep things together, supply it, and that without adaptation or concealment, but just as the job-work which it is. If blockheads in past years have disfigured the monument with foolish additions or obliterations, remove both. But here it seems to me that the legitimate function of restoration ceases. In some instances, completion of a design left incomplete is permissible and right; but alteration of details from the condition in which they were left when the original workers considered their work complete, or re-furbishing, for merely decorative ends, of that upon which Time and Decay have set their inevitable fingers—never. The signs of age upon a grand building are more venerable, and even more beautiful, than the freshness of man's handiwork; and patches of restoration upon a scuffed and legend-written whole, are a degradation—a wig upon the head of Nestor. Further, I altogether distrust the Sainte Chapelle plan of painting up the entire surface of a Gothic interior. It has been indifferently executed in the Mediæval Court of the Crystal Palace and elsewhere; it has been well executed in the Sainte Chapelle. In both it appears to me a clear failure. I know that there are the best possible grounds for affirming that the mediæval builders themselves colored the interiors,—but I cannot help that. I never yet saw paint applied to the details of an interior—such as monumental effigies—or to the surfaces generally, but what the building was, to my judgment, miserably vulgarized—so much so that, when I see, in an old building, a statue newly colored, I find myself almost quite unable to decide to my own satisfaction whether, as sculpture, it is good or bad, wholly a worthless modern sham, or a relic of the fine time in masquerade. Barring the question of great pictorial work on an important scale—to which, of course, I have not been referring—it impresses me as very certain that the true system of color in a Gothic building lies in its painted windows, and in these alone, with their exquisite reflections—reflections which they can never cast in purity save on a plain surface;—and to these may be added, in moderation, the use of colored materials and of gilding. But the tide sets the other way; and, after destroying, by the thousand, the splendors of Gothic monuments under the ceremony of whitewash, we shall be vamping up, by the thousand, make-believes of Gothic ornamentation in staring opacity of red and yellow. Carlisle cathedral, as well as Salis-



bury, is undergoing the ordeal, as I see it stated—though, apparently, in a half-and-half manner: "The greatest novelty," says the *Athenæum*, "is a capacious, coved ceiling, much higher than the flat plaster which so long concealed the original one. It is now covered with every possible brilliancy of azure, red, and gold. The balance of color—for designing it can hardly be called—has been regulated by Mr. Owen Jones, and is so far, in itself, very satisfactory. But to the ceiling all the finery is strictly limited. . . . The gaudy decoration of the parts of sacred edifices which are least seen, is only too prevalent a fashion in the present day. In the case before us, multitudes of angels—well carved, no doubt, (?) by Theodore Phylfers, the Belgian—decorate the cornice from which the vault springs, and also the ends of projecting beams, which have a very useless appearance. All these angels are painted, as heralds would say, *proper*, and have, at best, a very dollish appearance."

The Art Union Societies, the London and the Glasgow ones, have held their exhibition here during the month. The latter—in which the prizes are chosen, not by each prizholder for himself, but by a committee—makes the better show, and displays undoubted liberality and enterprise. Still, the level is very poor, the chief prizes generally of a low order, the committee evidently not up to its "mission." A trumpery affair of the domestic kind, by Thomas Faed, —one of the popularities of the day—is the grand prize. Mr. Hargitt has some landscapes with original perception and power in them, marred by slovenly impatience; and there are some bright, *very* sketchy "Irish Sketches," by Mr. Erskine Nicol. "Burns in Edinburgh"—in a book-shop, stared at with rapt, awkward wonder by the boy Walter Scott, his successor on the bead-roll of Scottish fame—is a well-found subject, but a bad picture, by Mr. Johnston. Yet more unsatisfactory—indeed most wretched—is the London lot. The chief prize, which does not rise higher than £200 this year, has gone to a monstrous imbecility of the picturesque-composition landscape kind, by Mr. G. E. Hering: an "Old Bridge near Pella, in Piedmont. £100 on Mr. Cole's "Loch Long;" £100 on Mr. Boddington's "Streatley Mill;" and £100 on Mr. Brittan Willis's "Midday Meal,—are only not quite so deplorably bestowed. £150 given for Mr. A. W. Williams's "Shades of Autumn"—a work striking and effective, though coarse—is the least wasted of the considerable sums. The selections evidencing some degree of common-sense, are those of F. S. Cary's "Bianca," from the *Taming of the Shrew*—a pleasant figure—for £60; D. H. Friston's "First Buttons," for £35; Dearle's "Sunday Morning," for £50; and Naftel's water-colors, "The Evening Gun at Castle Cornet," and "Old Gateway, Guernsey," for £20 and £25. Mr. Friston's picture—a subject of humble life, with natural expression and respectable execution—acquires a high and moving interest when one learns that the painter, as it has been told me, was an ordinary plasterer, who, with a native faculty for art, and an iron determination to be an artist, has held on his way through obstructions, straits, and buffetings which might well have crushed any courage of which the crushing was possible. Brave Friston, fighting his good fight in a

silent, unknown manner, year after year, has at last, with this work of his, planted his foot with some firmness on vantage-ground; from which let us hope that he will never recede, but advance continually. Self-helping Americans, far off as they are, are not too far, I fancy, to join in that wish.

The Liverpool Academy—perhaps the most independent and enlightened of all the provincial exhibiting associations—has again proved its title to be deemed such by awarding its prize for the present year to a picture by Mr. Ford Madox Brown—"Christ Washing Peter's Feet." Thoroughly earnest in aim and feeling, and the production of a thorough artist, this is one of the truest works of sacred art which England has brought forth. The gracious humility of the Saviour—the crouching Judas who ties the sandals on the feet which his Master has washed, and which will even now be quick to betray him—the grave, unposturing arrangement of the background apostles—above all, the fiery Peter, now moveless and absorbed, still asking himself, as it were, whether it can really be that "The Christ the Son of the Living God" is thus meekly ministering to *him*—are all conceived and expressed in that singleness of heart without which no man may so much as approach such a subject. Mr. Brown has sent, with this picture, the Emigrant subject which I adverted to in a former letter, and one or two minor works. Holman Hunt contributes his "Scapegoat;" Arthur Hughes his "Eve of St. Agnes," and "April Love;" Millais and Anthony something also. The Liverpool men, not without a tussle, I believe, have for years past, with almost unbroken consistency, held fast to the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and have probably jeopardized their position somewhat in relation to artists of a different character. They deserve, therefore, all the support which the Pre-Raphaelites can give them.

The Exhibition of pictures, at the Crystal Palace, is reported in print to have proved a decided success—thronged by public, and patronized by purchasers. So much the better. Well carried out, it will be an admirable undertaking—a compendium of home and foreign schools, and a court of appeal where artists, aggrieved elsewhere, have a chance of righting themselves. Even carried out as the project has been—which is certainly not well, as the Gallery was in the first instance choked with lumber, whose depressing presence and influence no subsequent effort could more than mitigate—it has been by no means devoid of interest. The Summer Exhibition will close on the 4th October, and a Winter Exhibition will open early in November, continuing till the end of March—(an English winter, be it known to untravelling Americans, often lasts well on into June). Artists of eminence, both native and foreign, are said to have promised contributions; and I suppose the good unsold works now in the gallery will remain to form the nucleus of the succeeding Exhibition. A liberal representation of accredited American art would, I am sure, form a feature of very general interest. As yet, we have seen scanty symptoms of it in Europe. In the Crystal Palace, there are not, I should say, half a dozen specimens; and even the great Paris Exhibition of last year was meagrely supplied in quan-

tity, and, as I should judge, still less adequately in quality.\*

St. Paul's cathedral is enriched—or impoverished, as I gather from the accounts—with a bas-relief monument by Baron Marochetti, to the memory of the officers of the Coldstream Guards who fell at Inkermann. It sounds rather too bad *à priori* that so strictly national a commission should have been bestowed upon a foreigner; and it seems to have turned out, *à posteriori*, still worse, the result being a feeble idea, and a still feebler work of art. My curiosity has been so little raised, that I have not yet been to see the monument; so I borrow a description from the *Athenæum*: "The main and central feature of the monument is a flat surface bearing the inscription, flanked by two standing figures, and surmounted by a cornice. Above this cornice, and actually resting upon it, is a miniature representation of the tomb erected to the same heroes in the Crimea. The rocks and foliage from which this small monument rises project over the cornice of the actual tablet which is supposed to belong to St. Paul's. . . . The two tall mourners are clumsy, and scarcely British in character; the execution with rough tooling, both slight and hasty." So much for "homage to foreign genius," and court and aristocratic patronage. There still remains "to let" the enormous—indeed preposterous—commission for the St. Paul's monument to Wellington, at the neat, round sum of £20,000. Government invites competition from artists of all countries. "Native talent" still surmises, with despondent and chafing brow, that this commission also is assigned, by foregone conclusion, to the omnivorous Baron. The idea of another Wellington sculptured incubus, to be imposed upon us by another Wellington job, is really depressing: but we must wait and watch. Meanwhile, Manchester has brought her Wellington to completion and the light of day. Noble sculptor: that fact gives me a pretty definite notion of how much it is likely to be worth. It is to form one of a trio: Peel is up already; Queen Victoria is to follow. Thus do British invention and hero-worship ring the changes from Land's End to John o' Groat's—Queen, Wellington, and Peel,—Peel, Queen, and Wellington!

Yet even so minor a man as Francis Bacon may have his statue, too, on occasion, as one of a series. Who knows but what the man and his effigy will last as long as some others, after all? The sculptor of this figure is Thomas Woolner; its destination, the arcade of the Oxford University Museum, now in course of construction. Mr. Woolner has completed, and probably by this time cast, his model. It is a work of thought and study; simple, dignified and striking in its truth; and I believe it will one day be recognized as honorable among works that do honor to British art. Bacon's head is bowed in observant medita-

\* With the exception of a few portraits, we are ignorant of any works of American Art, of late years, in the department of painting, having been publicly exhibited in England, by which an idea of American Art can be arrived at. We have but one "School," other than portraiture, in which works are produced numerous and various enough to entitle them to such a classification, and that is the Landscape School; and of landscapes and studies by our artists, neither the best, nor anything like the best, have been allowed to cross the ocean.

tion; his right-hand forefinger, laid in the palm of the left hand, emphasizes an induction. The sculptor has aimed at reaching up to the intellectual character of the man, while penetrating back, through all the easy sophistications of "idealism," to the verity of the spare form under the middle size, and the ponderous, searching, world-compassing head. There are a voice and a message in the figure which will not, I think, be lost. In the costume, the sculptor appears to me to have been particularly happy. It is, in the strictest sense, a costume, yet with no frivolous labor, or mean passion for buttons and lace. Mr. Munro has done for the same building Galileo and Newton, and is engaged, I believe, upon one or two others as well.

In speaking of individual artists, two other names that occur to me are those of G. F. Watts and David Scott. I lately had the privilege of visiting the studio of the former—a painter bearing a great reputation, but which is accurately to be weighed only in a small circle, as he has never exhibited much, and lately not at all. Great subjects of an abstract bearing—often wholly abstract in the manner of their presentment—treated on a large scale, and with a large method—are his *specialité*. Many of these are impressive and chaste in a high degree. He has grand capacities of color, and his portraits are altogether grand—the finest by far that I know from an English hand of our own day. A vast work which Mr. Watts has undertaken (with a munificence not unworthy to be remembered with Tintoret's), for nothing, is a fresco, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, of the great lawgivers of the world in various ages. This is temporarily suspended while the artist recruits his health. He is the only man, I should say, of any period of the British school, who has, with any high degree of mastery, identified himself with the feeling for large Raphaellesque form—who has subordinated his "Englishmanism" to the spirit of the Italians of the central time of art; and I am very far from thinking that the gains, though indisputable in a certain direction, is unmixed, or even commensurate with the sacrifice. Such as the aim has made him, however, Mr. Watts is one of the most remarkable British painters of the time. David Scott, the ideal and abstruse Scotch artist, whom no public, and not all of his intimates, could understand, has, by a strange "reverse of fortune," come to be shown to the London holiday-makers in so utterly popular a form of art as the dissolving-view. The abstract artist fails almost inevitably of meeting the public halfway; but, when he does, he stamps his impression clear and sharp. The designs of David Scott to the Pilgrim's Progress, published posthumously, have had a great popular success; so much so that, while they are made up into monster dissolving-views, his surviving brother, William Bell Scott, is commissioned by the publishers for a series of designs to the Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress. It will be interesting to note, in the work thus completed, the analogy and the diversities in the minds of the two brothers, both artists, both abstract in their intellectual tendencies.

To the obituary of the month belongs a name of ancient familiarity, that of Sir Richard Westmacott, the professor of sculpture at our Royal Academy. His "Distressed Mother," "Euphrosyne," the Hyde Park

Achilles, and the pediment-sculpture of the British Museum, are widely known; but I suppose the term of his own natural life, verging on eighty-two years, was considerably longer than will be that of the reputation of any work which he leaves behind him. Their material and position may preserve some of them longer than the memories of mankind would do. It is a case of *as monumento perennius*.

WM. M. ROSETTI.

## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1856.

The PUBLICATION OFFICE of THE CRAYON is at the book-store of Mr. F. W. CHRISTEN, No. 768 Broadway. EDITOR'S OFFICE—No. 709; Broadway.

Letters always to be addressed with the name, of the firm upon the envelope.

Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

### A CARD.

THE undersigned, owing to continued ill health which makes the proper performance of his editorial duties impossible, is compelled to relinquish all literary labor for the present, and to resign the conducting of THE CRAYON to his colleague, Mr. Durand.

W. J. STILLMAN.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1856.

WHILE regretting the cause which deprives THE CRAYON of Mr. Stillman's services, its friends and subscribers may be assured that no change of purpose or plan will be made in carrying out the object for which this magazine was established. In undertaking its sole charge, and while this duty is imperative, it is the intention of the undersigned to conduct THE CRAYON with a view to the interests of ART as effectively as his resources, capacity, and judgment may enable him to do.

J. DURAND.

## Sketchings.

TO MERCHANTS' CLERKS.—No individuals representing embryo society are more in need of the influences of Art, and a basis of thought about Art, than merchants' clerks. Clerks, if they are not better educated than their counterparts in other callings, are developed into more active and powerful social instruments; they are stimulated into greater activity by the competition which exists among their employers, and they become powerful, because it is the business of their apprenticeship to make money, and money happens to be power. There can be no objection to any power rightly used, but unfortunately the expression of monied power in our community is so much like despotism, as to call for every possible moral force to protect the uninitiated from becoming despots, as well as to save all monied sinners even at the eleventh hour. Clerks, therefore, need the influences of Art to save them from the "hell of the money-changers."

If there be a man in our varied community, one social individual color more hueless than the rest, it is the pure type of the *business man*. He has a pedigree of a thousand years, and he here seems to have flowered into a perfect ideal. We find him, pictorially, truly in the sixth age, with bloodless skin, dull small eye, firm mouth,

and colorless lips, stalking about—the victim of respect, with no sympathy but that of dependants, who are simply grateful for his favors. He revels in matter which his intellect has converted into a pyramid of gold, and there he sits upon its apex, a "monarch of all he surveys," enjoying a social atmosphere and soil as dry and barren as the moistureless expanse of his life could make it. Whenever we contemplate the mere business man, he appears to our mind like the ghost of a guilty giant, weeping for a "requiescat in pace," and seeking repose for his mal-developed soul. This cannot be effected, but we can do our part towards rendering business apprentices men of soul-proportions, more in keeping with the standard of nature, and beings beautiful to think of, and worthy to be handed down, the subjects of praise, to their posterity.

How many young men in the business world are lost—lost in two ways, either drawn into sensual excesses, or, what is equally to be deplored, lost in successful selfishness. The steps which lead to sensual perdition are the easiest, and the tale is soonest told; the latter state of perdition is of more difficult accomplishment. We have many doubts if the feeble victim of sensuality be so great an evil to society, considering the actual result of his existence, as the more physically careful being whose heart sends forth cool blood to drive a cool and calculating intellect. A discussion of this question is not at present our province or purpose. We assert, however, in order to provoke such a discussion, that society must hunt the living lions in their dens, and manacle the powerful animals with moral responsibility, so as to confine the punishment to him who is willing to sin, and not allow it to be visited upon his unconscious and unwilling tool. The evils of physical sin are so apparent, that any manifestation of them should be considered perfectly inexcusable, or else treated as diseases; they are becoming as governable, and the laws which affect them are becoming as appreciable as any of the laws of the physical world; it is now time to elevate the common standard of moral law, and hunt out the vices and follies of the intellect. We must quit the pagan for the Christian standard.

We return to the clerk's position. Every young man grows into the cherishing of an ideal. The ideal may be termed the faith of *feeling*. Many young men possessing feeling and disturbed by it, are ruined for lack of a knowledge of its use. Feeling is the life of the spirit—that is, the active energy of mental life. Men idolatrously embody feeling in some symbol that decays, and then away goes the ideal with it, to fasten upon some ignoble object which excites less expectation, and less exertion. Youth desires fame, position, influence, and dreams of these prospectively. Love flatters the imagination with perfect form and character, and the youthful artist-soul sculptures to itself an angel—with invisible wings. Contact with the world and marriage do not verify the ideals, and the spirit, out of revenge, descends to baser matter, and yokes itself to money. In the latter, the ideal and fact touch each other in